

Tricks of the Trail.

At the start of **2015** the **Rupert Murdoch** media ecosystem began to form around the rising political star Donald Trump. At that point I had never heard of him. Nor did I give a shit! I didn't see the clear and present danger that wacko engendered. I had no clue that his agenda was to polarize the Democratic process. He trashed the notion of a loyal opposition. Looking back, I would say that he created a new form of ambiguity; by way of fake news. In short, he just re-branded public logic to fit his own version of "*goodness*" by way of his legion of morally compromised pod-casters! **2015** marked the beginning of his assaults on truth. As his seeds of misinformation & legal suppression began to take root in the bedrock of our Democratic institutions, the Harrisburgers were blissfully unaware to the ever growing danger. Trumps' "*corruption-creep*" processes would gain steam. The Harrisburgers focus was on making music and having a good time. In **2015** Tommy Jay's view was that national politics was a joke and had nothing to do with him & his. All of us at the barn were unaware of the public breakdown in trust, institutional credibility and the social fabric. And it all began with the new information economy. That was a shift from gold to information. Trump proved that how you spin the PR matters much more than the truth or any facts! Hence, many bought into Trump's "*birther spin*" that Obama wasn't born in America.

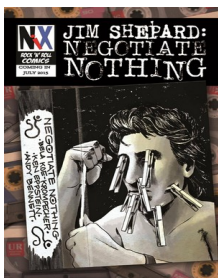
As the year started I sensed that the good times were slowly dying. Tom seemed to think that hard times were coming to America. He complained often about how "*stupid people*" believe in the republican's propaganda. Lazy citizens want spoon fed conclusions. Tom thought that if Trump got power, the America dream was over! At that point, gigs were becoming too stressful for me to deal with. I didn't want on the stage, I wanted in the studio. That's where I belonged. But I really think Tom wanted to be the front-man. All those years backing up Mike Rep had worn him out as a sideman. This would lead to some conflict between us later on. But I knew his weakness for pop music. I had become his A & R guy when it came to golden oldies of the 60 & 70's. That's how I kept him in the studio and off the stage.

By **May** of **2015** I had rejected the notion of fame. It was a bad punch line in some sick joke. Why would I want to play that game anymore? I had study to many actors & musician's histories! When I was 16 all I wanted was to be rich and famous. But after Jim Shepard died I began to regret it. I began to rethink the notion. Around this time Tom began to push me on doing some **JayFish** shows. So I agreed even though I knew it was going to be a pain in my ass! That turned out to be correct. So as JayFish rehearsals began, I was working on recording sessions with **Tim Lafferty** & **Ted Lust**. The main problem for **Tommy Jay** was his lack of front-man realization. By focusing so hard on stage craft there was nothing left to give to his songwriting. Between his soul sucking job and his delight in stage work there was nothing left for creative writing. I tried to get him to do more studio work but it was like pulling teeth. Around this time I started to dog him about writing some new songs. It had been years since he had wrote anything new. Gone were the days where we could pull a rabbit out of the hat! He was becoming very picky with what he was willing to do in the studio. So I just went along with the gigs and did my

writing on the down low. It was a temporary arrangement that work well. A few years later, when he fell in love with **Lana Del Ray**, he would write his last batch of songs. She was his inspiration that he lacked.

On **March 19th** of **2015 Wild Bill** informed me that he had been fighting with his next door neighbor Patty. This was a red flag that marked the beginning of his downward spiral. Not only this, but he was also fighting with Lynn and I believe their friendship had come to and end. I was worried so I stop by his home to see if I could help him with his darkness. While we were talking a strange feeling of universal peace flooded the room. This filled both of us with peace and love. Bill could not see my ET kids but he felt their aura-presence very strongly. I then introduced him to my two ET kids who were in shadow form. I explained how their technology was filling the room with positive energy. Bill sensed it but didn't understand what he was experiencing. However he did accept my explanation as to what was happening. Up until that point he had rejected my ET claims. When I left him I felt he finally accepted what I had been telling him for years. I felt that he had turned the corner away from all the darkness and negativity that had trapped him in his downward spiral. Unfortunately, when I checked back a few days later he had fallen even deeper into the negativity.

On the **26th** of **March 2015** I had been feeling that the Harrisburg barn scene was dying out only to experience a major revival. All of a sudden the musical glory days of past returned with a vengeance. **JayFish** had taken on a number of gigs and sessions that required me to go out to the barn 3 days a week. But on **May 1st** I received an email out of the blue from **Jim Jenkins** informing me that our old high school lead singer **Dan Mahoney** had died. Back in the late 1960s we had done a lot of gigs together. Jenkins want to rekindle our high school days but I didn't. There where to many "*painful events*" of betrayal and I just didn't want to sort it out with him and start over. This is something of a reoccurring pattern in my life. People fuck me over then years later want to return to the friendship we once shared. It took a long time for me to understand that friendship must be a 50/50 deal in order to last. I am the type of person that once he loses trust & respect for a person, I just move on. I don't hold grudges. Unless karma demands that I sort it out I just move on. Also, around this time I discovered that Google was lying to me about my YouTube viewer count. I had always seen my YouTube channel as a public relation tool. They wanted to monetize it before they would give me the real tally. But I didn't give a shit. I was very happy being a non-profit artist. I had no ego to financially support. I simply didn't care. I was happy with the word of mouth approach which had worked well. I guess that is one of the lasting effect Jim Shepard had on me.



On **May 15th 2015** I got word that **Gregg Casey** had died in his sleep from a drug overdose. Gregg like **Wild Bill Evans** had taken the dark path in life. By that time there was nothing anyone could do to help him. It seemed to me that drugs was all that matter to him. Me and a few others had tried to help him but he always relapsed back into addiction. It was kind of ironic. At one point he had been a drug councilor for the State of Ohio helping inmates with their addiction

problems. I remember **Gregg** desperately trying to help **Arlus Stitch** get off of heroin before she died. It is my view that this job led to Gregg becoming an addict himself. After about 15 years on the job the State of Ohio was forced to put him on mental disability. The fact that Gregg had a masters degree in psychology from OSU was no shield. A few days later on **May 19th 2015** a Comic Book about the life and times of **Jim Shepard** was published. That was a huge wake up call for me. My information is that the first attempt had to be trash-canned due to typos and misinformation. His son Gabe had tried to honor his dad but shit got fucked up through lack of publishing experience on Gabe part. At the time I knew Gabe was struggling financially. He had to do what was needed for his kids. I had always felt a life long regret that I didn't step up as a father figure after Roxanne & Jimbo's passing. At that point I was trying to repair my own family issues. I was told that **Bela Koe-Krompecher** of **Anyway Records** had paid for the corrected 2nd printing. Bela, along with illustrator **Andy Benet** and designer/compiler **Ken Epstein** had put out together there own version of history on the life and times of the Jimbo. But it had little in common with the inside story that I witnessed first hand. At that point a lot of local artists were trying to "*jump on*" the Jim Shepard glory train. It seemed to me that everyone wanted a piece of his fame. A lot of people who barely knew Jim claimed to be very close to him. WTF? The same kind of thing happens in Hollywood and the White House. Everybody want a piece of their fame. When Bela handed me a copy I was kind of overwhelmed with irony. I remembered how hard Jim's flock had tried to get noticed for his art back in the day. Back in **1979** others would not give Jim or Roxanne the time of day. There was a cold wind blowing on the streets of campus back then. That is one of the reasons why Rudy, Roxanne, Jimbo & I pushed so hard to get gigs or press. This was long before the internet or cell phones. Now I held in my hands a comic book about Jim Shepard. WTF?

On **May 30th 2015** Tommy Jay and I went to see the **Rolling Stones** perform at Ohio State. Because parking was a mess we ended up walking about 2 miles to the stadium. That cost me. The next day I was so sore. We ended up in the last row dead center in the top of the bleachers. When the Stones hit the stage they looked like ants. The Stones had TV monitors that showed their faces so we were happy. But soon after that on **August 3rd 2015** I suffered a heart-attack which almost ended my life. At that point I was about 50 pounds overweight and the post polio was kicking my ass hard. Walking was a struggle. So when the shit hit the fan and I entered into the white light, I thought it was over. But I remember the doctor voice echo through the white light saying he was not going to let me die. I was standing between life and death at that point. I was ready to go but the universe had other plans for the squidster. Instead of gutting me like a pig they ran a stent up through my leg and inserted it into my heart. Then the terrible pain slowly faded into the white light. All I can say is that my soul was busy making other plans for my return. After a week of pure hell in the hospital they released me. Then it took a few weeks to recover. On **August 26th 2015** some up and coming film maker wanted to make a documentary about Jimbo. I still wasn't at a 100%. All I remember was **Mike Rep** & **Charlie Cicirella** going round and round about it. I don't blame them. They both loved Jim and wanted their "*vision*" to be the document of record. To be honest, I don't know if it got published or not? After a while the dust settled down and things

moved into the next phase of my life.

In **August** of **2015** the stock market crashed. Referred to as "*Black Monday*" and part of the broader 2015–2016 global selloff, the crash was triggered by a bursting speculative bubble in the Chinese stock market. Worldwide economic slowdown fears followed. Global markets erased trillions in wealth, hitting commodities and indices worldwide. The Crash started in Mid-June to August of 2015. As China's Bubble Burst their Shanghai Composite Index. It plummeted by roughly 40-43%. It was a massive speculative boom fueled by borrowed money. The same old story had been going on for 100 years in America. On August 24th 2015 "**Black Monday**" hit. The panic crossed global borders. The Dow Jones Industrial Average (DJIA) plummeted 531 points at the open, eventually losing up to 1,300 points over a three-day rout. In Europe and Asia, indices similarly posted record single-day drops. August 25th of 2015 saw volatility continue, with the S&P 500 officially entering correction territory and marking its worst month since the 2008 financial crisis. You think the world would have rejected the "*cornerstone of wealth & lies*" which the economic system was built upon. Instead the too big to fail gang of gamblers stole more "*taxpayer money*" to cover their corrupt gambling debts! This resulted in much misery for the poor and middle class peoples of Earth.

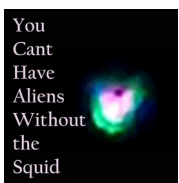
But closer to home trouble hit the Harrisburgers on **October 5th 2015**. While recovering from a burst colon **Tommy Jay** somehow twisted his guts while healing. He had to go back into surgery. At that point I thought the music was done but a few weeks later he was back to his old ways. I when to visit and was amazed to discover he was back in party mode. Then on **October 25th 2015** he calls me and wants to move ahead with the **JAFISH COVERS** project. So I'd go out to the barn 2 or 3 times a week for mix down sessions. This was like pulling teeth. Tom was looking for perfection and he wasn't happy with anything we did. Everyone was bitching about Tom's procrastination. Finally **CEC** was able to convince Tom to let it go. I don't know how Charlie did that? But everybody was glad he did. All I can say is that Charlie can be very persuasive when necessary.

On **November 17th 2015** I received a phone call from **Mike Levy** who had move in with his girlfriend **Elizabeth** in a upper-class neighborhood in Gahanna Ohio. Her family had a fracking oil business which was polluting much south eastern Appalachia. She didn't like me much because I saw through their family greed for sucking poor farmers into contacts for oil recovery. Levy was dug into to her wealth like a blue headed tick on a hound dog. By this time I was beginning to see through Levy's grifter approach to surviving on the streets. He had invited me out to jam and like a fool I believed him. When I got there they were putting a roof on the house and I got a nail and needed to change tires. Levy say **Elizabeth** and her 19 year old daughter were out of town doing leases. As we were jamming Elizabeth burst into the house unexpectedly and few into a uncontrollable psycho rage. She beat the shit out of Levy and then call the cops on me for trespassing. So I scrambled to my car desperately trying to put the spare on. If she had a gun she would have shot me me. I'm sure of that! I ran and she came out of the house screaming at the top of her voice. All her neighbors came out to watch. Next thing I knew Levy came out with a blood pouring from he face. He was badly bruised. I not

sure if she used a metal baseball bat on him or not! As I struggled with the tire Levy help me speed up the replacement of tires. I told him "*never to contact me again*". That was the last time I saw him. For me it was the end of the road of an abusive friendship. All I'll say is when humans lose control of their behavior it get really ugly.

On **December 13th 2015** a friend contactee me. **Dee Baltzly** had become best friends with Gale King's 3rd wife. Through **Dee** an offer was made to have dinner with **Gale King's** new family. Looking back I would say he wanted forgiveness. I was told **Tracy** my estranged daughter would be there. She didn't show. At the time Gale had been fighting cancer but I didn't know that at the time. It was a hard decision but I accepted his dinner invite. After all, this was the man who ego had destroyed my government employment. He had damaged my income and this had separated me from my kids. When I first met Gale he had been married to a very rich old widow. When she finally passed Gale had come into her money. When the widow began to die he started having an affair with Vickie my x-wife. He was still married but was fucking the hell out Vickie who had been his client for many years.

From **1975** through **1993** I often wondered how Vickie was able to afford her lawyer bills? She must have used sex with him as part of her fee? I think he wanted to prove to Vickie that he was a better husband than me. His resentment of me started to grow. When I was married to Kathy my 2nd wife, Gale had lost a few important support battles with our family. Then he took me back to court and ran for domestic judge. WTF? That took a lot of balls! What he wanted from me in that winter of **2015** I think was "*forgiveness*" for abusing the legal system and weaponizing it! I had tried to settle many times but he always refused. The many court battles with him back in the day had taken a toll on my mother, children and friends. If it wasn't for **Jim & Roxanne** emotional support I would not have made it through that hellish cycle! Now as he was coming to the end of his life. He needed my forgiveness. He had two kids with Vickie then they divorced! Next somehow, as luck would have it, King had stumbled into a 3rd marriage with a "*good woman*". His 3rd wife seem to have morals. She was a real blessing to him. She seem to be pushing this dinner as a way for him to heal the wound between my daughter and me. So I spent 4 or 5 hours meeting his new family & friends. I met his two kids he had with my x-wife Vickie. His kids didn't seem to want to hang out. So I sat there answering question about my "*non-music career*" which they seemed to think was a big deal? In truth there was no music career! I met a few famous people in my life but nothing of any importance. I was only a non-profit artist that nobody knew about. Nor did I give a shit! But there I sat at the dinner table with people who thought I was famous? WTF? God certainly has a sense of humor! I think that night was much stranger than any of the UFO encounters! I marked it all down to life's "tricks of the trail". It left me wondering "who thinks up this shit and how do I get out of it"? My soul? But Karma is not mocked.



In **December** of **2015** **Steve Hesske** wanted to put out Squidfish music on his Lorki label. I wanted to call it "**Sassy Aliens Chick**" but because Hesske was footing the bill. So I

went along with his title. I didn't really like his title! But just when along with it. Unfortunately, I sent him about a 100 songs to choose from and he got overwhelmed. His frustration led him to quitting the project. I had all but given up on the project when **CEC** called me and got wind of my fiasco. He offered to take charge and contacted **Feeding Tube Records** who released "**You Can't Have Aliens Without The Squid**" LP on **Oct 9th 2016**. I was grateful to Charlie for stepping into to breach. To be honest, with the exception of the first 3 vinyl projects, I have never been in control of most of my releases. I am really not interested in the selling of music as a source of income. I've always consider it a non-profit business card. I like music but buying and selling music doesn't interest me anymore. I've always been content to do a few D.I.Y. projects and avoid the conflict & hype of the music game. For me, the dream of being a rock n' roll star die with **Jim Shepard** last century. Anyway, **Steve Hesske** did put out a **JayFish** cassette! Also there may had been a Hesske follow-up LP. I'm not sure? The cassette sold out all 75 copies in a few weeks. We couldn't believe it. Tom and I thought that there wasn't any interest in what JayFish was doing. Maybe this was because of the D.I.Y. aesthetic we had grown up with in the 1980s? Also in **2015** "**Mike Rep And Friends**" along with the "**Darby Creek Drifter**" LP's on **540 Records** got released. I had a small but fleeing roll on both those projects. That summer of **2015** saw Tom & I becoming more aware of **Donald Trump's** campaign for president. We were becoming alarmed about his fake news approach. In the end he grifted his way into office. At that point I had no idea how much support he was gathering with his unethical approach to gaining power. We both thought he didn't have a chance in hell of gaining the White House! That was our mistake. It taught me to never underestimate how stupid and greedy America can be. These Trump's grifters were gaining ground. His yard signs were ubiquitous. Tom & I saw red flags everywhere but we just didn't get it.

From the end of **2015** into **2016** Tom & I focused on the last version of the **Whales (Ted & Carla Lust, Tommy Jay, Mike Rep, Terry Devin, NS and Johnny Furnace)**. After Mike & Terry left the Whales, **Rich Johnston & Annie Brown Lobo** joined. Tom began calling it **Tommy Jay's All Stars** when **Bree Frick** joined. Later he changed that to the "**Freak Show**". There were a lot changes during this **2015-2016** cycle and my records are incomplete. Most of the shows we did were at the Carabar, Bourbon Street or Ace of Cups. Tommy usually had parties on Friday or Saturday nights. It was during this cycle that I began to pull back from his parties which focused on pot, mushrooms, acid and alcohol. After band rehearsals I'd head back home to Delaware around 12 PM or 1 AM. Tom would beg me to stay but I could no longer cope with the cold & sleeping on an air mattress by the pool table downstairs. Beside, **Rich, Annie, Bree and Tom** would keep on partying to around 6 AM in the morning. My body just couldn't keep up.

Also the cops love to bust people driving on the freeway going home late at nights. Tom always worried about this. Somehow I never got busted. Then in the fall of **2016** the **2 LP** vinyl record reissue came out of "**Tommy Jay Tall Tales of Trauma**". This 2 LP set was on **Adam Smith's COLUMBUS DISCOUNT RECORDS**. However, on **October 16th 2016 Roxanne Newman-Shepard** died. In **1993** after Jimbo and her broke up. She had disappeared for **7 years** without a word. She had

taken her two boys to Nashville Tennessee. I guess she went to work for the restaurant chain Cracker Barrel. Roxanne worked around these huge 15 tall 12 foot wide spindles of paper which fed in to a machine. She told me one day a roll of paper broke lose from the machine and crushed her spine. As a result of this the doctor put a rod into her spinal column to time release pain medicine. They told her this was a lifelong injury. And so, for the rest of her life, she would live in a wheelchair. I saw how painful walking was for her. However, thank god, she would receive a monthly disability check.



As fate would have it, her and **Rudy Crash n' Burn Smith** moved into a house up the street from **Wild Bill** on the west side of Columbus. This was the beginning of the end for Roxanne. Just before she passed away, **Kurt Tuckerman** made an emergency attempt to rescue **Jim Shepard's** master tapes and artworks from decay. Around **2021** I talked with him on the phone and got the full story about Roxanne's pitiful ending. Kurt told me that **Rudy, Roxanne** and **Kale** had become Oxycontin junkies. The area where they were living was ripe with the Mexican cartel. Shoot outs where very common! They spent most of her monthly check on Oxycontin. Kurt told me the house was in a unsanitary and disgusting state. There was trash everywhere and it smelled of urine and feces. They had use the basement as a trash & litter bin. Underneath the dead rats is where Kurt discovered Jim's cat shit infested archives. Most of it Kurt had to pitched. But Kurt was able to salvage a few trash bags full of archives. I just couldn't believe that such a great artist would suffer such a horrible ending. None of their story made any sense to me. Next Kurt rented a storage space in Florida and put up some shelves so as to air out the stench of his rescue effort. While Kurt was in Florida he ran into the other 2 **Vertical Slit** band members Dan & Dave who invited him to their show at their warehouse club.

The way Kurt describe it these guys were off the deep end! Kurt thought it look like it wasn't going to end well for any of them! He said that after a year or so the stink of Shepard's archives became manageable! Most of the magnetic tapes where too far gone! But Kurt was able save a few things, which I believe him and **Gabe Shepard**, have since released. To be honest I never forgave Rudy and Kale for pushing Roxanne into this downward spiral. Years later Gabe told me that there was bad blood between him and Kale. I still remember Kale & Gabe as kids. Both Jimbo & Roxanne doted on them. I remember how happy & loving they were as a family. I remember how they always included me into their family events back in 1979. I was labeled Uncle Al! To hear how it all ended in heartache left a sad bitter taste. Years later I heard Rudy suffered a stroke. The last time I saw him I was not very sympathetic to his plight! It seem to me that all he wanted to do in life was have anal sex. WTF? Once again I saw how the choices we make come back to judge us for good or ill.



On **October 7th** of **2016** I recorded two songs, "**Yummy Yummy Yummy**" and "**Sweet Pea**" with **Bree Frick** on bass and **Rich Johnston** on Drums. "**Yummy Yummy Yummy**" is a song by Arthur Resnick and Joey Levine, first recorded by Ohio Express in 1968.

Ohio Express was a studio concoction and none of the "*official*" members appear on the record. (*touring group*) L-to-R: *Tim Corwin, Dean Kastran, Dale Powers, Buddy Bengert and Doug Grassel*. I once saw them live. Joey Levine sang lead vocals. On the other hand, "**Sweet Pea**" was a bubblegum pop song written and performed by **Tommy Roe**. It was featured on Roe's 1966 album, *Sweet Pea*. In the lyrics, the singer spots a girl at a dance whom her friends call "*Sweet Pea*." There's no explanation of how she got this nickname. After dancing with her, he suggests they go for a walk where he tells her he "*loves*" her and wants her to *be his girl*. In early **2016**, the global record industry had reached a major tipping point, returning to revenue growth after over a decade of decline. This resurgence was driven by **paid streaming subscriptions**, which officially offset plunging sales of physical CDs and digital downloads. From where I sat the quality of originality had been replace by a legion of colons. It was a endless recycling of entertainment formals! None of these new acts wrote their own hits! That might have been "*ok*" for the big bands of the 1940's & 50's but for the **Monterey Pop Hippies of 1967** it totally sucked! I had seen Top 40 embraced the "*garbage*" of America culture! I blame **Simon Cowell** of **America's Got Talent**. Somebody ought to have shut his shit down long ago! He totally destroyed the pathos of the 1960s. Cowell did to the **Beatles** what they did to **Elvis**! I had long since stop listening to the fake music crap by **2016**. So artistically I stepped back and accessed the direction I was headed in. I was even more hungry for the "*New*". Computer software pointed the way! I was sick to death of those **America's Got Talent** bums! I've never been a rock n' roll star! I've always been a "*nobody*". Just another explorer of music. Fuck Hollywood; Fuck social influencers, Fuck fame and and by all means, Fuck capitalism! I'm a "*universal basic income*" type of songwriter. It is what I know. It fits me well!

In **October 2016** word reached me that my bass player from high school had passed. I had share many a gig with **Mr. Stick Hoffman** back in 1970s. After his brain tumor his life was never the same. He had lost his "*Kung Fu*". Then on **October 24th 2016** my spiritual teacher **Benjamin Creme** died. This hit me very hard. Mr. Creme had showed me my life mission and I felt "*all at sea*". Finally, **Gary Staten** also died on **October 25th 2016**. He was the bully of Hubbard Avenue Elementary School Yard in the short north were I grew up. There was an interesting twist to his story. His brother **Oscar Staten** had gotten Kathy Smith & Joyce Johnson pregnant back in 7th grade. A few years after Gary Staten had got married and had produced two children. However, his brother Oscar, was at his backdoor DE-flowering his wife! Oscar had become his wife's secret lover. WTF? Who are these people? When she became pregnant all hell broken lose! So Gary being a "*do-right*" man decide to raise the kid as his own. The Staten tried to keep it on the down-low but everybody knew Oscar was the father. Last I heard Oscar & Gary and their clan had move to Galion Ohio where Oscar had married a fine women. Then word reached me that Gary was killed in a car crash. I thought that was ironic. One brother hits eats the shit and the other brother wins the lotto. Karma can be very strange at times.



On **July 2nd 2016** **Jayfish** did a gig. Then **Mike Rep** joined in for the last Jayfish show on **July 24th 2016** at **Summit**

Station. By that time **Tommy Jay** wanted to pursue his **Freak Show** which was mostly build around his songwriting. Tom was beginning to sense that I was losing interest in doing stage craft. He was on a roll with the freak show and it was just a matter of time before I would drop out of the Freaks! During the **Summit Station** gig we did a live Ad-lib with Rich Johnston doing his song "**I'm Getting It**". I just pulled Rich out of the audience and told him to fake it. This was an old trick that Jimbo & I use to do a lot at V3 shows back in the day. I knew Rich was a little nervous but he did a outstanding performance. Even with no rehearsal Rich knows how to be a "*Honey Bake Ham*" on stage! It seemed to me at that point, that while **JayFish** was beginning to lose the public interest, the **Freak Show** was gaining more attention. I didn't really give a shit but Tommy Jay really liked it. I was happy for the Freak Show but I knew that my music focus was on studio recording. Also, around this time my songwriting came together. To be honest I was getting too old to be carry Marshall amps and Ludwig drum kits to gigs. But Tom didn't have any problem with it. So the stage was set for me to leave the Freak show. At that point it was Rich, Annie, Johnny, Bree, Me and Tommy Jay. The Freaks were experiencing a decreasing amount of shows at that time. But as **2017** was coming into view I knew things were going to evolve. But I also knew I would keep making music on my own. Little did I know that I would get suckered in to the **Covid -19** shut down for a few years, with president Trump, who wanted America to drink "**Lysol Disinfectant**" as a cure. WTF? This wasn't a witty repartee. Get me out of the meat freezer! It wasn't the bitter irony of a suffering world. It was a dogmatic obstinacy meant to be the apple of political discord. But all the drugged up republican zombies and their psycho right wing heroes endorsed Trump's bullshit! It was like watching playful Republican lobsters fornicating! There was this weird ectoplasm smell drifting up from the White House sewers! An all I could do was hear the ships of the sovereigns "*thunder on*" the nightly news! This was the new battlefield of consciousness my masters had warned me about in the early 2000s. Somehow the "*religious right*" had sucked decent and hardworking Americans into a political mess. What was coming for **2017** I wondered?